

WITHIN TENSIONS

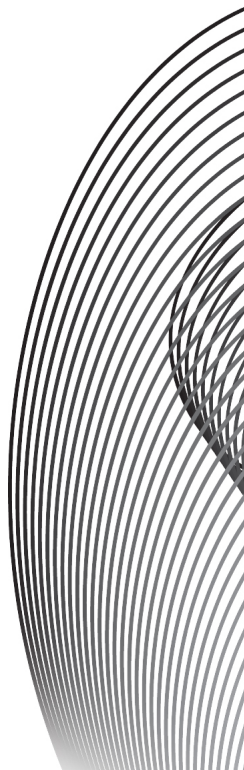


vol.31

NOISE



WITHINTENSIONS



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July 2022
vol. 31

NOISE

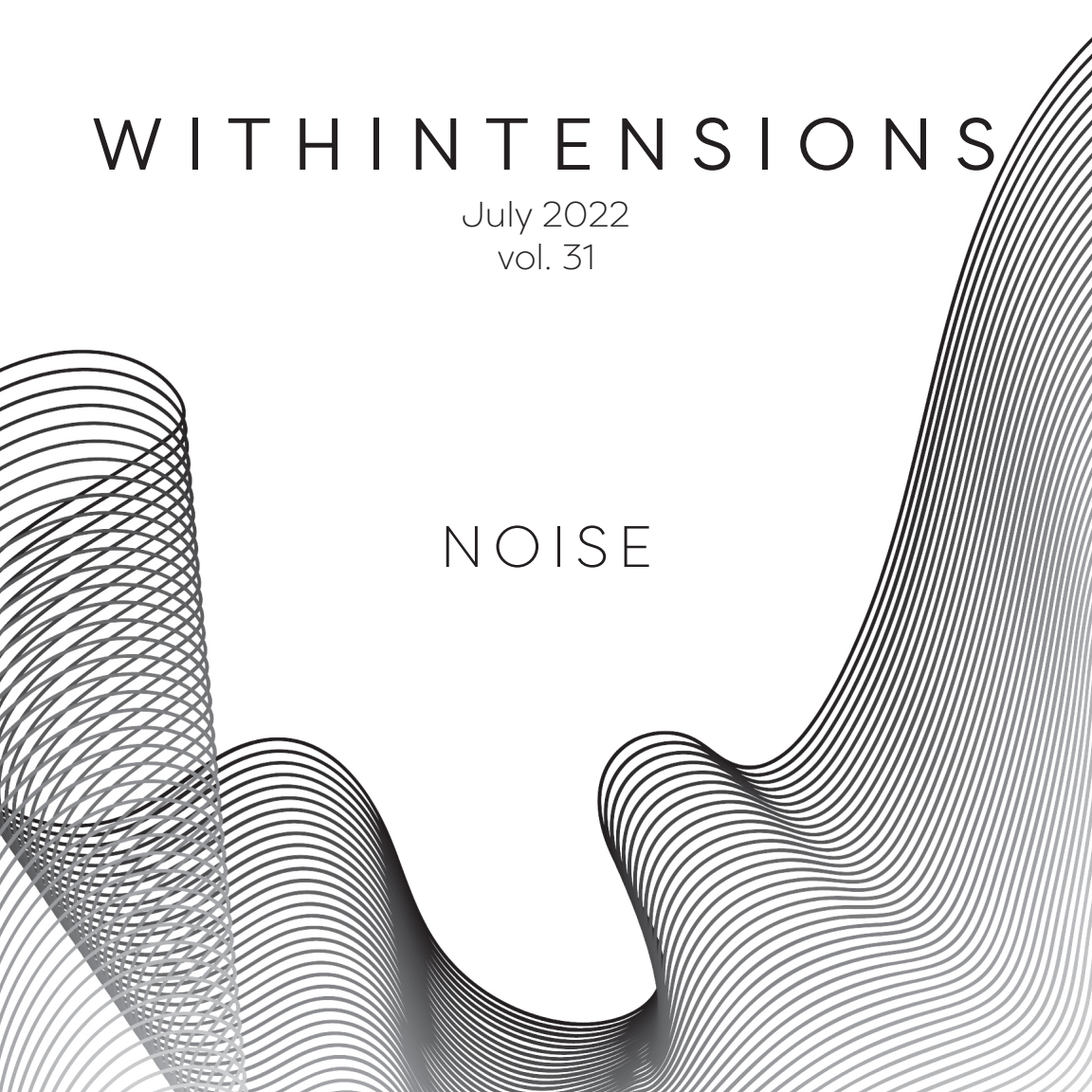


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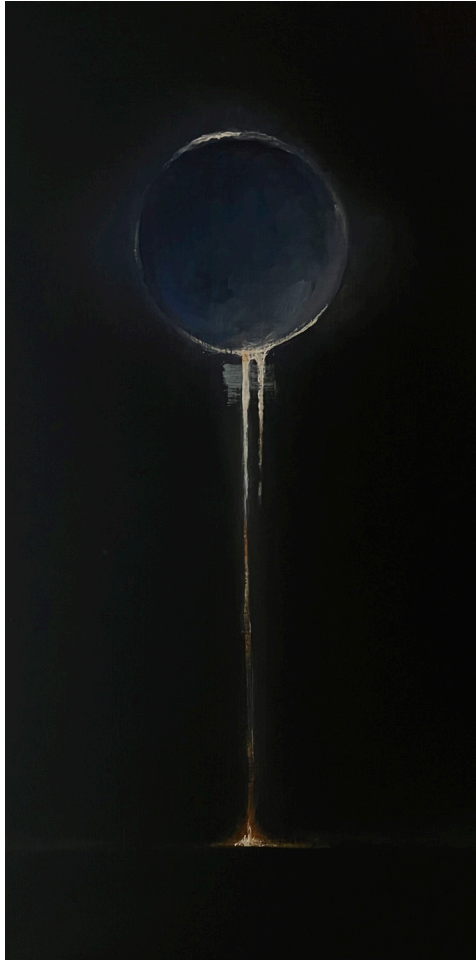
Francisco Berlanga, Natalie Chan, Opal Mclean

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We at Withintensions want to acknowledge that our work takes place on the unceded territories of the Skwxwú7mesh (Squamish), xwməθkwəy̓əm (Musqueam), and Səlilwətał (Tseil-Waututh) peoples. We want to recognize that these lands belong to the Indigenous peoples who have lived here far before the arrival of settlers. We also want to push beyond land acknowledgements to further encourage acts of reconciliation. Recognition is great but it is nowhere near where we need to be. Reconciliation is comprehensive and takes more than an acknowledgment for occupying land. We always support marginalised peoples right to protest.



Ava Tkaczuk,
Silent Treatment
(2022)

This piece depicts
my experiences
with silence as a
response.

Metamorphosis of Memories (2022)

Ghazal Abdolhosseini

I have worked with memory as a theme. I have dedicated this work to my grandfather, who had Alzheimer's and forgot us each day more than yesterday. I wrote a poem about our memories in English and Farsi and included the only three dialogues I had with him in it. As the viewers moved forward, the poem would disappear through different layers of fabrics overlapping.

Watch
*Metamorphosis of
Memories (2022)*
[Here](#)







Voices (2018)

Amy J. Dyck

It represents the voices, or “noise” in our heads that tell us what we should do or who we should be and how we can internalize and carry those things while they cause suffering. You can see a representation of those voices in the scribbled profile “faces” around the main figure’s head. There is a sort of funnel above her face where the messages internalize and shoot into her gut. I experience noise as internal noise that can be much louder than my external environment.



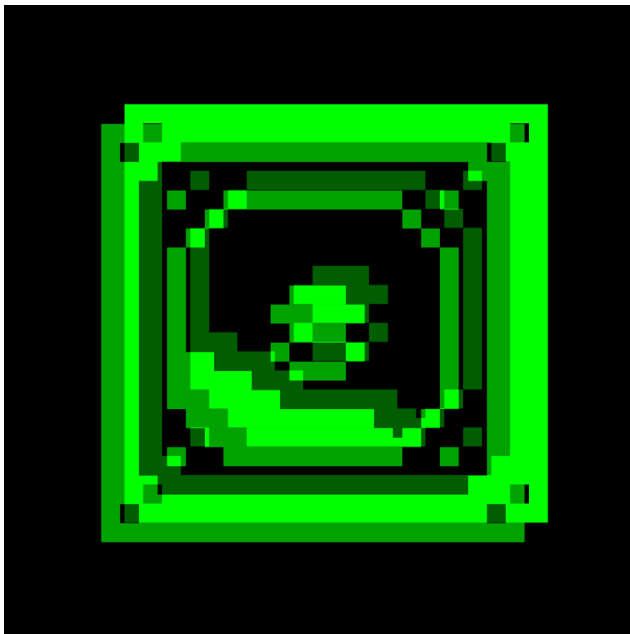
The Best of Everything All at Once (2022)

K.W. Miller

Samples are essential to so many genres of sound and music. Clips from the radio, a drop in a song, drums, bass. Electronic music is one of the types of music I enjoy making the most because it feels the most free. Anything can sound like anything. I've done this under the moniker of sadteen for 7 years now.

This audio piece, "the best of everything all at once", is as much a title as a literal description. The samples and beats heard are snippets from songs and clips in my downloads folder. Unfinished tracks spanning a wide range of time, drum beats, synth loops, sounds and speech waiting to be dropped onto the perfect wave. Instead of making a mix of one unfinished song after the other, I've decided to make noise by playing them all at once.

Maybe someday these sounds will become something - new songs, remixes, whatever. Then again, maybe they'll just remain in that downloads folder. Some of it doesn't even sound like the music I make. Lying in wait for the right moment forever. Until then, they are just noise.



Listen to
The Best of Everything
All at Once (2022)
[Here](#)

Loud (2021)

Anda Marcu



this is an abstract painting (acrylic and pastel on wood) exploring the concept of loud.

Anda Marcu

A Note for You

After binging on books
that make me sad
I want to set aside today
to think about you and
nothing else.

I wish I could remember
where my white dress is--
the one with red poppy flowers
I wore one happy day,
too long ago.

I left a cheerful note for you
in one of the pockets it didn't have.
The note was neatly folded
even though I remember wanting
to crumple it in my hand
for no reason.

I don't think the writing has faded -
I could read it to you when
the wind quiets down. Now
it's too loud.

Not Ready

Mornings like this,
when all you know is

"I should" but all
you feel is "I don't want to."

Dark heavy skies contouring
the edges of trees,

everyday noises through
half-opened windows

mornings after rains when
you wake up from your dream

and search for
how to get back.

Early Morning

bird frenzy
break of day chaos
blast of song

It's time.

Andrea Borbély

It's time.

The time is ripe for switching gears,
for reaching deep,
for tapping in,
for bringing forth.

With suspended judgement,
allow the within to arise without.
Dig in the dirt, unashamed and free.

But how do I walk the line without grandiosity?
How do I face the shame of wanting admiration,
the fear of condemnation,
and the noise of my own judgement?

It's in the doing.
I've been sitting on this tension,

that I now recognize,
can only be released,
by doing what it wants.

It's the creative impulse,
that will not sleep,
until it has given birth,
to its thousand, unborn children.

It's not my job to understand.
It's not my work to take credit.

I need only to surrender,
to the most intimate of dances,
with the most passionate of lovers.

Can I walk on, into the dense forest,
and trust that I need to grasp nothing?

-It's Time, Andi

All Just Noise (2022)

Bethan Jones

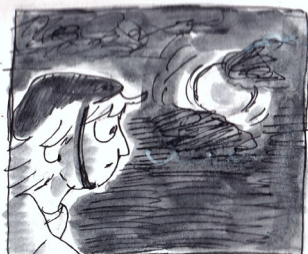
I wrote this comic about a concert I went to in October last year (if you want to know who it was, there's a badly drawn album cover on my shirt). I was going through the final stages of ending a toxic relationship, so October was a rather miserable month for me – that concert was the cathartic release I needed during that time. I sometimes think about how weird music is; it's literally just noise. Somehow putting certain very specific sounds in a certain order just affects us in such a big way and makes so much sense to us – whether that's through the standard song we hear on the radio, or what we say to each other. It's a short, simple comic and that's what I like about it.



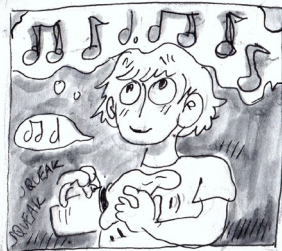
not long after we last spoke,
I went to see a concert



it's incredible how sound waves
can make you cry, isn't it?



I cycled home in silence.
It was a full moon that night.



noises get stuck in my head -
distracting catchy songs...



and the things you said
to me that day



it's all just noise...
how does it affect us so much?

Bouba hears a wild Kiki (2019)

Breanna Barrington

The Bouba Kiki effect is a linguistic phenomenon observed by Wolfgang Kohler in 1929 exploring the evolution of language across cultures. The experiment explores non-arbitrary mapping between speech, sounds, and the visual shape of objects. When presented with the task of naming an oblong shape, and a jagged shape an overwhelming majority (across cultures) assigned the name Kiki to the jagged shape, and Bouba to the oblong shape, suggesting that the naming of objects might not be completely arbitrary. The more you know!



Lockdown (2022)

Eden Schwinghamer

Throughout the January 2022 lockdown, I was basically completely isolated. My job at the university I attend placed me on leave, school went back online, and the world went dim and dark. I found myself prone to doomscrolling, with the noise of social media becoming overwhelming and all-consuming. A warning and a cry for connection, this project is designed to encapsulate the pandemic experience.













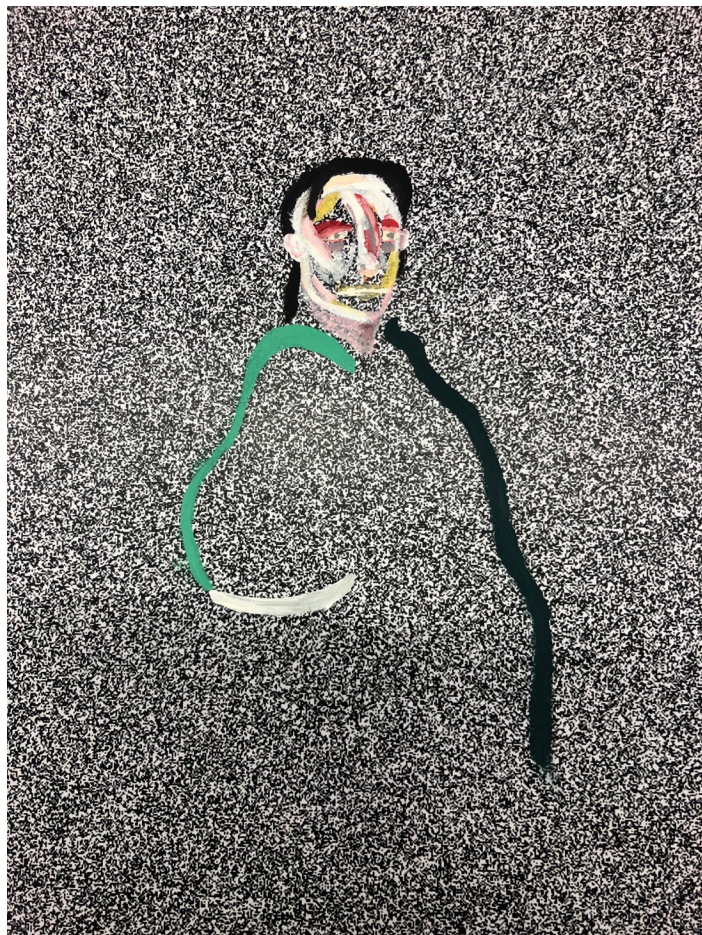




In a Moment's Time (2019)

Eden Zinchik

This portrait is as much a physical reflection as an introspective one. This piece is, at its core, just the raw expression of momentary feeling. A climax of my years spent struggling with dissociation and detachment, with philosophical crises, with trembling anxieties, and as a result, with different bizarre visual symptoms causing static and depth distortions in my vision.



Whiplash (starring Miles Teller)

Emma Schuster

I miss
Making music,
Being the sounds.
I hated
The discipline.
My ears rang less then.
Concerts had less jumping.

The band's tempo
Changes the swing of your moods.
Do you even like playing
Or do you just like the pain?
Do you even like winning
Or do you just like the praise?

Did it feel good to bleed,
To bruise your body into tune,
To break the skin of your drum
Against the skin of your knuckles?

Then there's the blood in the car
The still ticking clock,
Wondering if the head trauma
Is worse
Than what he did to you.

Practice room hallways,
Straight back chairs,
Milk duds you won't eat,
A microwave without a time
So it never starts ticking;
There's always a line.

It'll suck you right back in:
Being wanted
Tastes better
Than the sweat you spilled
Earning it.

Then you're on stage,
Your foot in your own mouth,
Because he will always hurt you

[Music] - Upper - hearing impairment

乐 - 1 (2022)

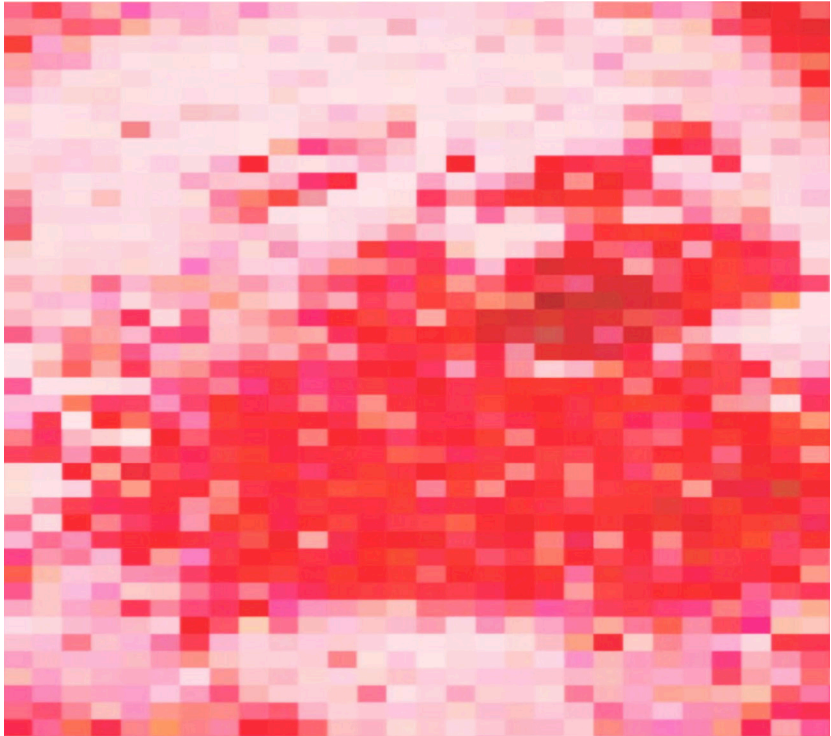
M01E

The message behind the song is one of its lines: I don't want to be dead/deaf, I want to dance to the music. Long story short and just like many others, music has saved my life in the long term and put myself on track to become a better and happier person: instead of resorting to much uglier outlets, we use music as therapy and our weapon.

The PNG file is a pixelated picture of a newborn: with his little fists and its seemingly agonizing expression, he cries for life and arrives at this world with a cry. It always makes me wonder if screaming was the first thing we do as human beings, that scream when we were born.

It wasn't not a pleasant sound and our flesh didn't come as pretty beings, we didn't announce our arrival with a harp-like melody, we let out how we felt inside, which is often chaotic, raw and truly human/animal: noise.

First there was noise, then there was music.



Listen to
[Music] - Upper - hearing impairment 乐-1
Here

[Lethargy] - All Arounders - fear of sleep, of her 昏 - 1 (2022)

M01E

This is perhaps it's more of a sound experiment to create our own interpretation of drowning in noise, the idea is that the sound is so loud but at one point you simply feel peacefulness and could even fall asleep to it despite its contrasting nature.

The initial reason why we chose the mosaic style artwork is that it reminds us of the censored content, how the censored images almost stimulates us more psychologically than the actual gory/explicit images. Maybe on the other hand, it also reflects the quality of our sound.

The overall society we live in is getting closer and closer to their idea of perfection and beauty, which on the surface seems alright, but what it covers underneath becomes more and more unstable. So we use more and more photoshop, more and more plastic surgery, more and more autotune.

There's no use to cover up the so-called "ugliness".

M01E believes It's time to reduce things rather than to add, it's time to embrace the chaos inside of all of us and learn to control them instead of hiding them.



Listen to
[Lethargy] - *All Arounders - fear of sleep, of her* 昏 -1
Here

A Trip to Markova

Hedley

I had had out of body encounters before but nothing like the one I experienced last night. It was very real and yet surreal. Mankind often calls very natural things 'supernatural' when he does not understand them, but although my mind had seen a reality and understood everything it had seen it was unusual for my brain, my physical computer of my body, to identify with this reality. So, in the morning I had a full recollection. Perhaps, I was meant to remember? Was there a purpose in this? Of course, there must have been. I had forgotten nothing. My body had been asleep in London and my spirit was glad to leave the loud city and swan off into other dimensions to evade the constant clatter and debris of noise, a criminality unrecognised by law. Outside of my body there was silence, relief, peace, beauty and sanity. I had been taken out. Serventa came for me as she had done in the past but this time it was different.

Serventa stood before me. I had not seen her like this before. Her garments radiated a subtle pale blue and yellow tinged with a halo of gold that surrounded her form completely. Her long dark, curled hair hung down past her shoulders and she wore a gold band around her forehead centred with an asp. It was a most beautiful and magnificent sight. Cleopatra had never looked this good. Serventa called me by my spiritual name.



“Multa, I would like to take you to Markova. I have to go and see someone there, one of the leaders of their community. Her name is Maquita, employed under Cirus, the main leader. Would you like to go? ” she asked me. “The people are slightly more developed spiritually but about four hundred years behind Eritha in some ways, although technically and scientifically very more advanced. It would be good for you to see the life there and how things are evolving on that planet in comparison to where you come from.”

“Would I? Yes, I would very much.”

Markova was a planet I had never been to before, although many of the others from the Meacus, on the second plain where I came from, had spent a life or two there.

“I hope to live on Markova one day, or even Redigo, and have more lives on Eritha, of course,” I added.

“We shall see what is to be arranged for you in the future. Meanwhile, you still have this life to complete on Eritha at present.”

“Yes, of course, Serventa. I have my Tapestry of Life to complete before I return Home.”

Serventa nodded. “Now, if you are agreeable, let us go forward to Markova?”

“Yes, please.”

It seemed only a second or two and we were standing in front of Maquita on Markova. The atmosphere was very humid and full of vegetation surrounded by large areas of water. Maquita was very pleasant looking, about five feet tall, the same as Serventa, with no nose, breathing from gills in the neck below the ears. Her eyes, as with all those on Markova, were a deep purple. I was not sure what the atmosphere would be and whether it would support humanoid life as I knew it, but that did not matter as I was not in my physical body, only in my spiritual form.

“Greetings, Serventa. I am very pleased to welcome you here. And you have brought a friend?”

There was no sound as the people on Markova communicate by thought, mind melding. Although they have a mouth and can speak they seldom do. It is not required and any noise would seem an intrusion. I discovered how easy it was for me to communicate in this way as well.

“Greetings,” replied Serventa. “I would present my young friend here, Multa.”

“Greetings, Multa, you are most welcome.”

I noticed the swelling in her body and tried not to stare. Having noticed my observation she said, “Yes, I am expecting a baby and I am in my second year.”

“Two years to have a baby?” I responded in surprise.

“No, three years in all.”

“Three years?” I exclaimed.

“Yes, and it is different to how you understand on Eritha. We reproduce by thought, by mind, and we only give birth the once, no more. So, our population does not grow too much or too fast.”

“Everything here is so quiet and peaceful.”

“Our pace of life is much slower than on Eritha, more in tune with the Natural Law and the pulse of the Universe. As a consequence, our bodies are less stressed and more at peace. So, we do not have all the illnesses you have

on Eritha and we live much longer, an average of one hundred and twenty years in your time. We have scanned your planet many, many times and notice how much noise there is and a great deal of anger and despair. This causes stress and eventually leads to tiredness and puts extra pressure on the body. It is most unhealthy. It is all part of the pollution of your World which must end before you destroy yourselves.”

“I agree that unnecessary noise is a pollutant.”

“Your world is also polluted because you do not harvest these valuable resources you waste. Why do you not recycle everything? I do not wish to be ungracious, but there is also much greed and unnecessary waste.”

“I believe this will change and already there are many trying to do something about all the waste.”

“We have concern for your planet and its people. We would like to help if we could but your people are not disposed to receive us, yet. When Man is prepared to meet us, we will communicate. At present he is not ready. He will not listen. The thunder of his World shuts him out and he cannot hear. After all, it is the quiet word that is more often heard. There is everything in silence, which Man will come to understand in time.”

I looked for something deep in Maquita's purple eyes. Indeed, there was something hidden in those dark depths. "I escape into silence and it is there that I discover more knowledge."

"Yes, indeed," said Maquita. "But why are so many in your World afraid of silence?"

"A good question, why indeed? It is as if silence holds a terror within and only noise can mask people's insecurities and lack of self-esteem."

"Then they need to discover their true structure and come to know their own selves."

"Yes, that is something I understand. Serventa has taught me this so often. 'Get to know yourself', so true." I smiled at Serventa demonstrating the understanding we all shared.

"Yes, so important, and the Universe is full of magical wonders waiting patiently for our minds to open."

We spent quite a bit of time discussing our different lives, planets and existence, learning from each other. Maquita showed us to a square in the centre of the community

settlement, laid out in white marble decorated in veins of different hues, where magnificent fountains of many colours fed the air with moisture. The waters changed the colours constantly as they tumbled into a magical pool of water. Apart from the natural sound of the water, all was so quiet, majestic and tranquil. The square was completely surrounded in wondrous vegetation, so alive, but still, while a few other people sat quietly, browsing in the peaceful, moist atmosphere.

“There are no buildings?” I asked.

“No, we do not need many but they are underground where the temperature and the humidity remain constant,” replied Maquita. “We need the constant moisture to enable us to breathe.”

“I noticed all varieties of birds and animals that played around the square. They did not seem to hold any fear of the people nearby.”

“No, we have no fear here. All is at peace. There is no noise to frighten the animals.”

“You mentioned coming to Eritha to scan. Do you visit spiritually or in physical form?” I was so curious and wondered if I might ever meet Maquita somehow on the Earth.

“We come in physical form, in crafts. They are silent. You call them ‘saucers’ but I do not understand why?” Maquita’s innocence was so appealing and I explained what made me smile.

“How do you travel with these?”

“We use magnetic, cosmic energy. We employ the warp and the weft in space, where there is no time and all space may be crossed in a blink of a thought.”

I was discovering so much from this visit and enjoyed the unfathomable feelings that touched me so deeply with Maquita. I wondered if we had had lives together somewhere before? However, I promised both Serventa

and Maquita that I would spend the rest of my life and all my energy in trying to draw attention to unnecessary noise and the importance of peace and tranquillity.

“Thank you for your wisdom and for showing me your planet, Maquita. This has been such an enlightenment for me. I shall never forget you and what you have shown me.”

“Perhaps I might knock on your door one day. Would you let me in?”

“Of course. I would be so happy to see you again.”

I brought back a picture of Maquita. I would never forget her.

A trumpet by any other name would sound as sweeeEEEEEeEE!!!!!! (2022)

Francisco Berlanga

What's that noise??? Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a defective air horn?

No! It's a piece of sheet metal that has been crudely hammered into an object that vaguely resembles a horn! Why?

.

.

I mean....

Why not?

This month I was thinking of the history of noise, particularly music and our perception of instruments. Today, what is considered an instrument is so strictly defined. A trumpet has to be nearly identical to every other trumpet to be considered one. But, in a time not too far gone, a trumpet was just a horn, a metal trinket made by a local metalsmith. With irregularities in shape, materials, design, and sound. But was this any less a trumpet? Today, we cannot fathom the idea of instruments simply being made at home. They are meant to be bought from a store and made in a factory. So, why not make a trumpet thing? I figure it won't possibly sound as good and my technique is crude. But it still makes a sound and I think if I keep at it one day it might be a nice one...



Listen to the cacophonous approximation of music that is
*A trumpet by any other name would sound as
sweeeEEEEEeeeEEE!!!!!!* (2022) [Here](#)

SPINKLE (2022)

Joey Zaurrini

I made this piece when I discovered a previous tenant had taken his life in my apartment six months prior to me moving in. Jolted into superstitious fear, I found refuge in an héberge in Montreal East, where I stayed awake for four days. When I showed SPINKLE to a woman working there, she asked me why I had drawn the devil.



There there, there there

Joey Zaurrini

There once was a porcupine flidering down the slope.
His eyes were glazed like Christmas trees. Working on the
bingus. And flingus. And filtering the stuff. And burnishing.
Finding it sleep.

Deep in the withering promises. Of grey days. Blipping
by in unsolicited messages, from another world, beyond
its grasp. Nowhere near. No where close. Somewhere

anyway. And the words were like smithereens, grasping for air, pulling out some kind of “I’m going to be!” And that was: “okay.” Like I said. And pulling from there a thinking thought, collected from drought. And pulled from underneath the collection point. Pansicles, plistics. Partying by. I said I’d find it, and that I did. I don’t have a single thought to share, and my collection seems uncollectworthy. Does that reckon you think in a sense of ways? Whispering, telling, finding a piece. Of wholly wholesicles, and finding that to be true. If I said I’m so, there I am. If I said so, that is true. But I find no peace, in any of it. It only feels like burning. And sharing it might alleviate the feelings but will it ever really go away?

Mixtape Jones (2016-2022)

K. Farrell

The noise.

I buy albums.

And I play them.

I rewind .

and play again.

there is a noise that starts the album .

it is the same noise at the end.

I push the button on the tape deck.

the button starts the tape to play.

and If you rewind the album.

Then the noise is on its way.

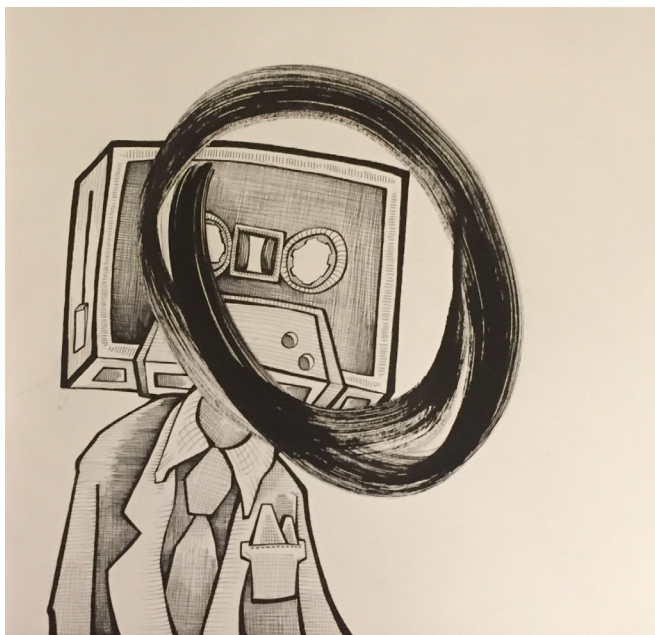
Anticipate that little noise.

That little high pitched cry.

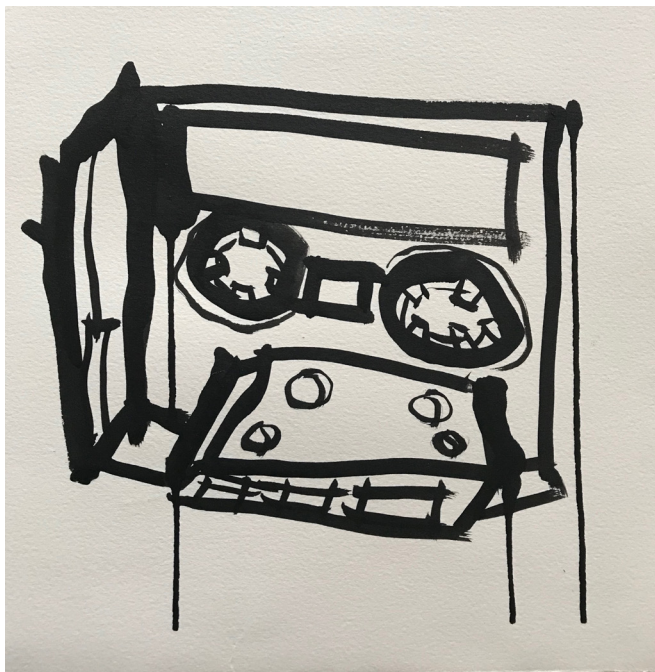
But the music starts without it.

You pushed play-

the second side.

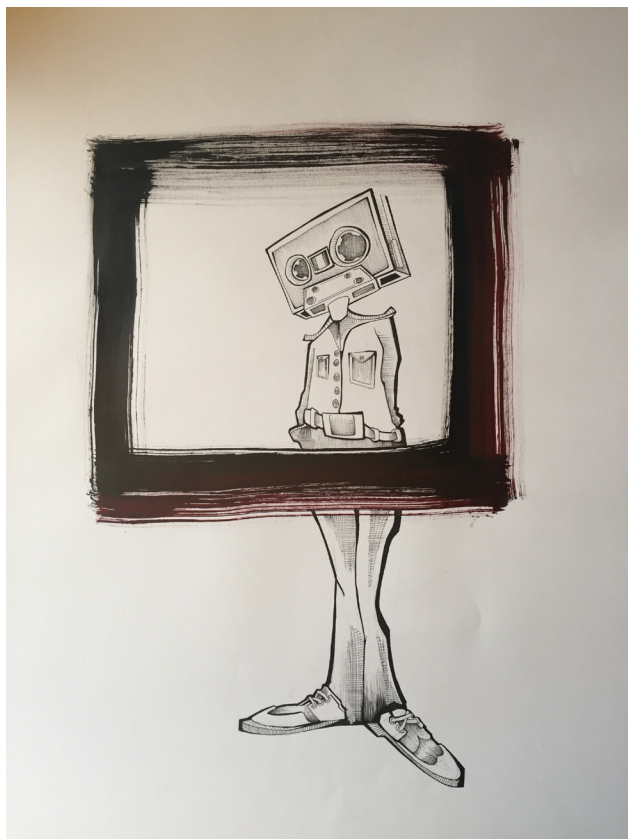




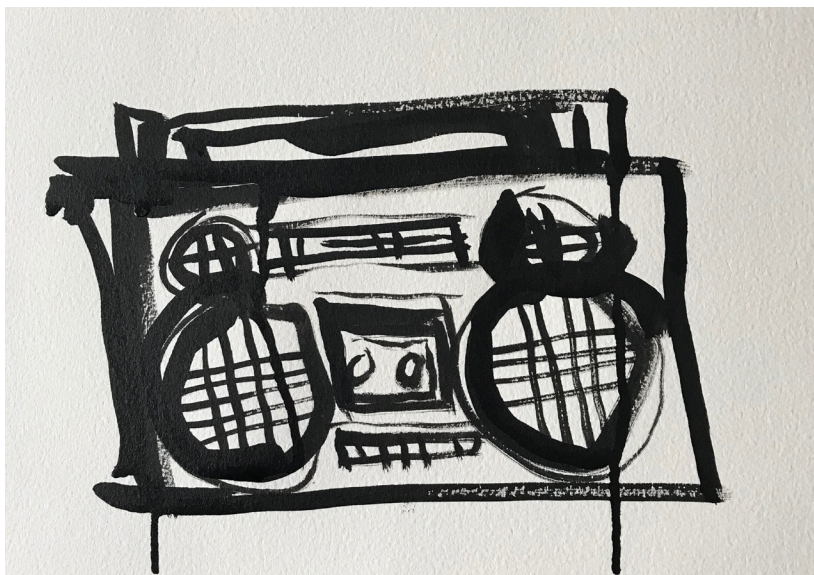


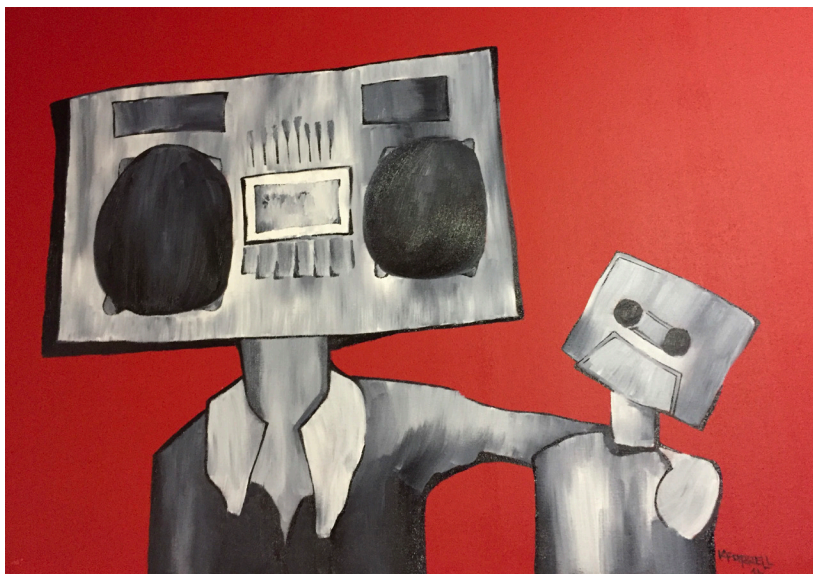












Cities in Dust

Sabrina Mei-Li Smith

I went, "This is what I want to be," - FARRAND

This is a party. This is supposed to be fun. A grey morning hits tired, watery eyes. Crust-punks peer out squat windows. Some cling to the edges of the room. They shuffle bums along missing dado etches. They're all after transient spliffs. Some slide along staircases and bottleneck the doorway. This party's been going On. For. Days.

A new crowd pushes into the front room. The crusties glance at girrls and boys in bovver boots.

"Undercover pigs?"

"Nah, mate. Students. Writing dissertations on the beanfield"

"Fuck the Peace Convoy"

"Fuck grant money. It's wasted on Marlboros. Get a pouch of baccy and Rizla like a normal person.'

New Agers sneer. The neo-Goths, grungers, riot grrrl witches infiltrate The Great Unwashed. They snake in single-file lines, linking hands to the front. Kids bounce off the backs of crust-punks. They swig from bottles of Mad Dog 2020 and spread glitter like disease.

"Fuck me, they stink"

"Don't these people know about deodorant?"

"Spray cans fuck up the ozone layer, mate"

"Urgh, we'll be dead anyway"

"Is it Monday?"

"Who knows? Who cares?"

"Who knows?"

"Who cares?"

Two men hover. They're too pretentious for a squat gig. Arrogance radiates. They puzzle at sockets. They plug instruments into a generator at random. A guitar. A bass. A microphone. A PA. Amps. The hum of valves fills the air.

Grrrls edge their way. They link gloved hands and push masses. One of them points at the Chinese guitarist on the wrong side of duct tape valley.

“He’s my brother. Maxx?”

“Cyn,” says Maxx, the guitarist. He talks in whispers to the bassist with moonstone eyes: “Farrand, quality, man but it’ll sound shit.” Maxx grips the neck of his red guitar. He wobbles like he’ll topple with the weight.

“Babes, trust.” Farrand stretches his body with a crack of the neck. He’s a lanky half-Indian, half-white glamourpuss with Sid Vicious’s sneer. Everybody hates him.

“Farrand, you’ll blow the PA.” Maxx grabs the last plug. Farrand smacks his hand.

“Who cares? It’s another fucking shit-pit.” Farrand yanks hair through a guitar strap. He pretends to tune his bass with a fiddle of metal knobs.

“Too many people,” Maxx whispers. He tunes the guitar with deft, quick movements. No eyes, no sound, just touch.

“I know. They want Ceris.”

Maxx catches his finger. Blood. Suck. He spits, picks dull notes and the crowd heckle.

"C'mon"

"Muuu-so"

Somebody laughs. A mocking high laugh. A beer bottle lands at Farrand's feet. He doesn't look, kicks it with the toe of his boot. Maxx strums a few tuneless chords and eyeballs the silver line. Farrand gives Maxx the nod. A downward strike lands on Maxx's Telecaster. Loud. Heavy riffs. A mess of noise. Heavy metal feelings. But they lack rhythm. They need thundering bass and drums with power.

"American Grunge rock?"
Who knows?

Who cares?

"Kiss rip off? Hahaha"

"Where is she?"

A shape pushes. It sheds flowers and swears. It seizes a microphone. It's a girl. She's tall and slender with crowd-

whipping hair. Ceris. The kids at the front scream. They jump and dance. Up and down, up and down, like little dressed-up dollies.

Ceris's singing is bad. Out of tune. Nasty. She goads the crowd, drapes herself on the lanky bass. She kisses Farrand square on the mouth. Ceris falls, drags herself, bleeding. She screams. Crusties nod with the politeness of wedding guests.

"Seen her before"

"Where?"

"Dunno"

Who knows?

Who cares?

The amps feedback. Maxx stomps effects pedals and shoves Ceris in the arm. Ceris delivers a manic-high laugh at grungers and crusties.

"We're Sequence. Our next song's about getting a tampon stuck up your vag after sex." Ceris launches into another scream. Farrand leaps jagged shapes. The

crowd jumps. Floorboards creak. Girls at the front go wild. One takes her top off. Farrand's jade eyes glare into the ceiling. He gasps for air like he's drowning.

"Sequence, yeah. It's Sequence. I saw them months ago. In Camden, no, Belsize..."

"He's in Lucy's Rose, you know, Sas Kennedy?"

"Nah, they're shit,"

"Oh, I dunno about the Chinky,"

"Get yer tits out!" The crowd shouts between songs.

"Put your cock away!" Ceris screams.

"Yeah, two-inch dick!" yells the topless girl. Other girls chant and raise their gloved fists.

"Riot grrrl revolution now!"

"Cock-rock is dead!"

"Fuck off dead perv scum!"

Farrand smiles. Antagonism is foreplay. He yanks the microphone.

“Two Inch Dicks! Out! Out! Out!” Farrand raises a fist and the crowd chant: ‘Out! Out! Out!’ They jump to every shout. Maxx launches into a heavy riff. The bass is in the air again. Ceris takes off her high heels, lobbs them. One crashes back and Ceris chucks it into the pit of snakes.

“Zaaa-Za- Zenn,” Ceris yells. The shoe connects with a crusty’s forehead. Sweat pours the walls and the push intensifies. The crowd rush, they lift Ceris. She reaches cobwebs on the ceiling. Bricks vibrate in their cement casings. Blue light helicopters the room. Blue lights from outside.

Fuck.

"Pigs. Pigs!"

People run. One of the girls trips over. Farrand’s been here before. When a party’s been pigged, the police don’t make arrests. It’s too much work. They want people to scatter.

The window.

Farrand forces the sash open. Crusties, students, Riot Grrrls all jump the window and run. Farrand’s down the road, still with his white bass around his shoulders. The

topless girl is behind, dragging her shirt over her head. Maxx and his sister run and run and run until they're breathless. Two streets down and they stop. No police follow.

Dry August air fills their lungs.

"Ceris?" Farrand looks up the boarded terraces. "Where's she? Fuck. Fuck. Fuck?" Farrand runs hands through black hair. The party stragglers catch eyes. She's not here.

"Fuck. Her sister's gonna murder me." A smile breaks out on Farrand's face. He breathes in and sticks his chest out. "Magic." He kicks a can in triumph. It ricochets off a metal bin. Silence. Farrand looks up at a huge squat with knotted curtains. His hands perch on snake-hips. The Zazen graffiti on the wall pulsates like the oxygen in his rib cage.

"You're a twat," says a crusty. Farrand's dark head swishes in the direction of insults and dreadlocks but he's too out of breath to fight.

"Police will play nice. Sweet tea and phone calls," says Farrand. He praises himself that Ceris; the sister of Subculture's Rachel, has been arrested for playing a squat party. Amazing. Front page news, or at least page six.

“Dude, the pigs-”

“Fucking chill out. Ceris will be fine.” Farrand doesn’t need to hear morals. The crusty avoids Farrand’s dark gaze and leans on an iron gate. It opens to an overgrown garden of rubbish, dog shit and stinging nettles.

“Quality,” says Maxx. Maxx makes to follow but the crusty flips his dreads and says:

“Later. Mate, be Zazen about that singer. She’s a kid.” The crusty disappears into crumbling, Georgian splendour. Maxx’s face transforms from bewildered to dark with the growing realisation that, maybe, he’s done a shit thing by Ceris. He looks to Farrand for reassurance or guidance.

“Man, we’re gonna get crucified in print. Isn’t it brilliant?” Farrand grabs Maxx by the shoulders and encompasses him in a bear hug. This is not what Maxx wants to hear. He needs to know that Ceris will be ok, not even a slap on the wrist.

“No.” Maxx pushes Farrand off. He can’t meet Farrand’s eyes beyond his screwed up face. He doesn’t need to hear Farrand’s ‘all publicity is good publicity’ talk. Not today. Not when Ceris is rotting in a police cell.

Footfalls. Loud. Heavy. Rhythmic. Long white legs run around the corner. Bare feet. No shoes. Laughing.

“Fucking run!” screams Ceris. Her blonde shock bounces out of a policeman’s hat. She whizzes past. Maxx smiles from ear to ear. He cannot fucking believe her. Cheers scream from the squat windows: ‘Ceris!’, ‘Sequence!’, ‘Subculture!’ Maxx’s feet pound tarmac. He chases girlish laughter up Temple Street.

“Babes?” asks Farrand. All the potential wasted. He sees two lumbering pigs far down between houses and runs.

Abbaglia e svanisci (2022)

Riccardo Tesorini

Apparatuses in collision,
Excerpts, evanescent glimpses.

A fragmented path of chasms, black holes, intermittence:
no signal.

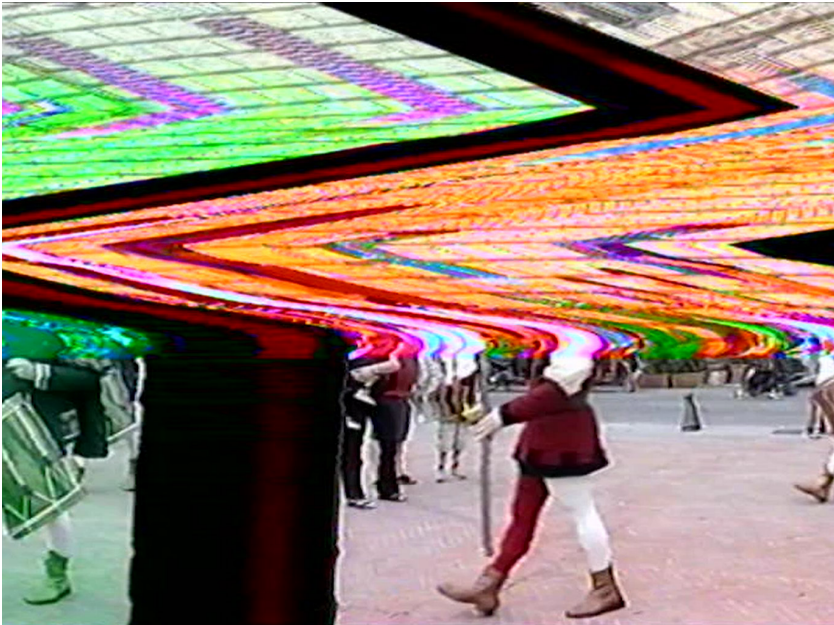
The loss of pieces of self, burned in a thousand reflections,
like luminous trails splash away still burning.

Shreds of lost and found ribbons are there intertwined
and hidden. Faded, illusory images ready to vanish and
then rise again.

Riccardo Tesorini uses video circuit bending to investigate
memory's personal and collective
relationship. A tampering with the apparatus of both
human and machine memories where archiving takes
place on unstable and fragile media. The use of personal
and non-personal VHS tapes is a pretext to evoke distant
and alteral memories, corrode them, thus discovering
new paths such as those of the circuit that house the
video signal inside.

Before being digitized, the VHS is manipulated in the
most disparate forms and the result is often unexpected,
with a high degree of unpredictability given by the
procedure. On the other hand, the sound material is of

various kinds: self-built audio circuits, modular synthesis, concrete sounds of aluminum digitally processed with autonomously designed algorithms.



Watch
Abbaglia e svanisci (2022)
[Here](#)

The Ssh-maker

Ken Kapp

Old man Chester rapped impatiently on the sign, glowering at the teenager in the corner of the reading room who was whispering into his phone. It wasn't working.

"There's an old fart here trying to stare at me thru the floor. Grey-beard should get himself a wife he wants trouble. Hey, what about your sister?"

There was a pause, then a snicker. "Don't know. Can't tell if they're his from here. You want I could ask him?"

Chester started to cough. *Enough is enough!* He put his book on the table face-down and grabbed his cane from the back of his chair. He pushed down on the table and slowly stood up. *Librarian got snotty last time, told*

me it was their library too and a reading room wasn't a silent room. Bout time someone taught these kids some manners.

The teenager had turned away and was again talking with his friend, turning only when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up and saw Chester standing over him.

“Hey, who do you think you are?”

“I’m a “Ssh-maker.”

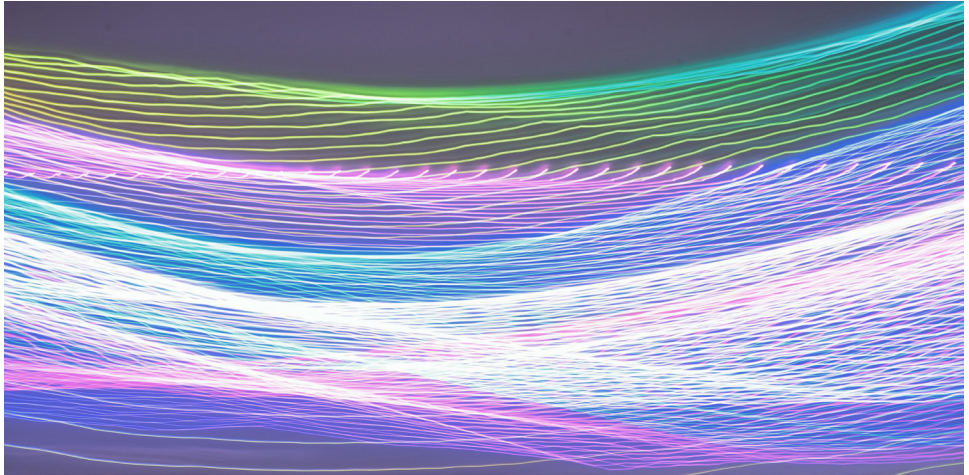
“And what the hell is that? Can’t you see I’m talking with my friend?” thrusting the phone under Chester’s nose.

Chester knocked the phone from his hand onto the floor. It bounced once and when it stopped, he placed his cane on it and rocked forward, crushing the phone. “That, son, is a “Ssh-maker.”

Neon Wavelengths (2021)

Mariah Jordyn

My idea was to capture light in a way that took on its own form, with lines overlapping to create patterns that are unique. The colours are created with a gradual transition of lights that seamlessly blend into each other, and moving around the camera. What this photo means to me is that vibrations can be seen and heard: noise and light can both be captured through wavelengths. This photo is very noisy in that it has a lot going on; each individual light creates a pixel effect and has its own characteristic curve. When you move the camera around light with a long shutter speed, it creates noise.



Adding to the Noise but Cutting Through it too (2022)

Opal Mclean

One of my professors in university told me that I had the tendency to talk so much that I would say nothing at all. She suggested that my words just became noise when I was trying to explain my projects. Honestly, rather than shying away from this in my work, I started to lean into it. I liked the idea that my words meant absolutely nothing to most people. I liked the idea that people had to sift through the nonsense to get to the good stuff. Maybe the noise was the good stuff.

I quickly realized that most of my conversations were utter nonsense, especially with this friend who is also an artist. We had some really good talks about our work that lead to breakthroughs but, as we became closer and more aware of our own practices, our conversations took a nosedive into utter nonsense. There is one thing I

did notice though: no matter what was going on around us, we still managed to maintain steady conversation. There were rare moments where we enjoyed the silence but over the years the silence was replaced with noises. Even if we had nothing to say, there was still something to portray through random noises.

I think one of my favourite noises has to be the laughter. There is something so genuine about the moments of laughter in our entire friend group. It echoed through the studio and it continues to echo in moments like when we're recording the podcast. We spent a lot of time laughing in school to the point where it was borderline annoying to other students and professors. Those will always be the highlights of our friendships for me. Together, we create the noise of happiness, closeness, and pure enjoyment. That has to be something special.

Immerse yourself in our conversation and a selection of random music [Here](#)

Noise Processing (2022)

Natalie Chan

Focus

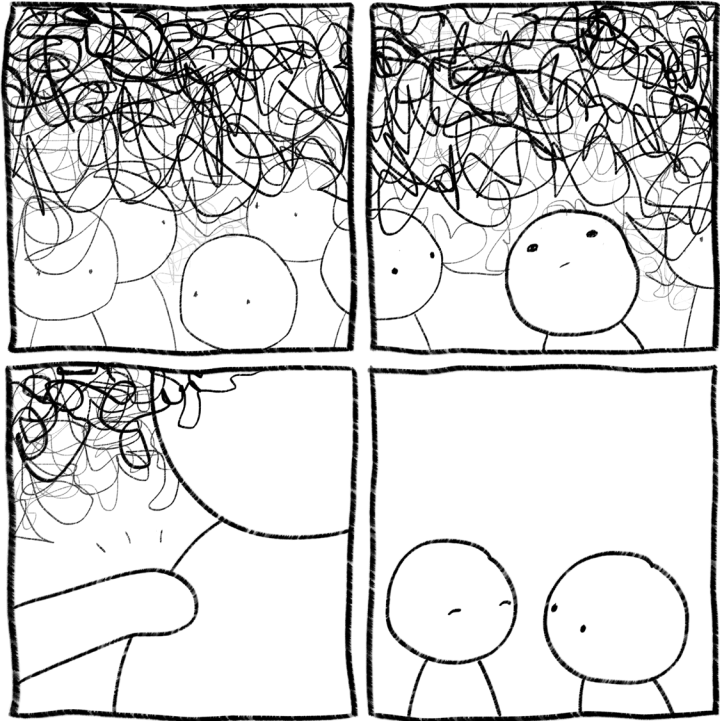
A moment's touch flips a switch

Unravel

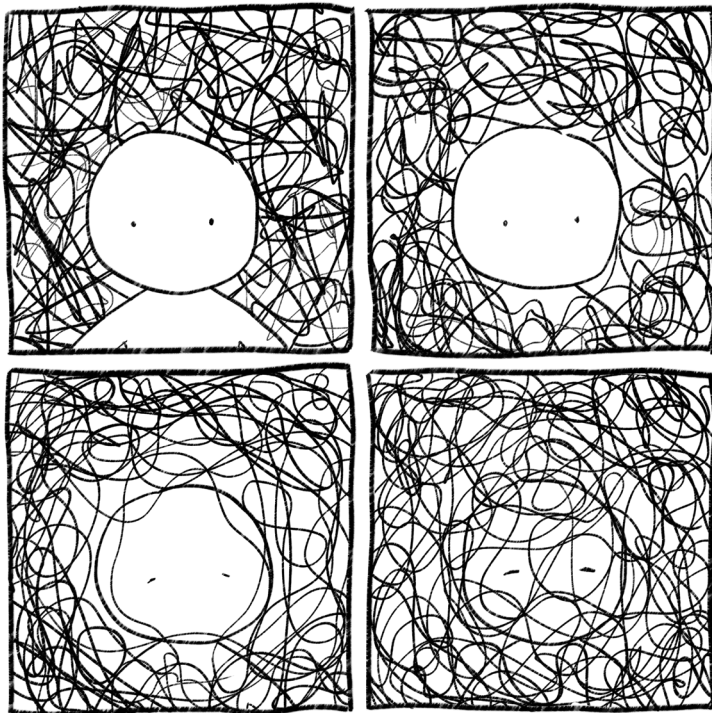
Where chaos begins to harmonize

Sink

And I surrender to submersion







LOUD BOOM SOUND

Sujata Parashar

After the late-night farewell dinner
a walk around the quiet housing complex
with friends yelling and laughing unconcerned
irk the still-awake neighbours

Post lunch
a call from my son
living away from home
Sparky talks of his new life
fill the air with loud emotional words

Morning bells ringing
The old lady on the third floor
reciting 'Gayatri Mantra'
Prayers for a better world
boom through the building

Sounds that make us smile
Sounds that bring joy
Sounds offering solace
are noises of a happy kind

Sujata Parashar
Novelist, Writer and Poet (Delhi, India)

Francisco
Berlanga



Meet the Team

We write with intention & dwell within tensions. We are artists who have been left without an aim for how to continue engaging with art in the absence of institution. Our goal is to provide a place where we can write about new ideas, old ideas, and bad ideas. We are by no means professional writers, we inhabit a place between the seriousness of academic writing and the frivolity of passing thought. We will often succumb to clichés and trends as they pass us as we all often must.

We hope to present unique thoughts for you to consider. Our writing speaks for no one but ourselves. We do not reduce the similar experiences of others to what we have experienced. We invite you to critically engage with the content, to challenge and be challenged, to test the tensions in question.

Francisco Berlanga is a contemporary artist who studied at Simon Fraser University. He obtained his BFA in Visual Arts with a minor in Interactive Arts and Technology. His practice is based on questioning identity, particularly his connection with his own Mexican culture and how one can inhabit a culture while being partially absent from it. He engages in discourses with his own identity through the creation of traditional Mexican “manualidades” or crafts, his work makes connections between traditional Mexican aesthetics and contemporary visual language. His practice engages with concepts of inaccessibility and the role memory and language can play when someone is distanced from their own culture. He attempts to bridge the gaps between his personal and cultural identities by forcing connections between them and by trying to understand the limitations that these identities impose upon each other.



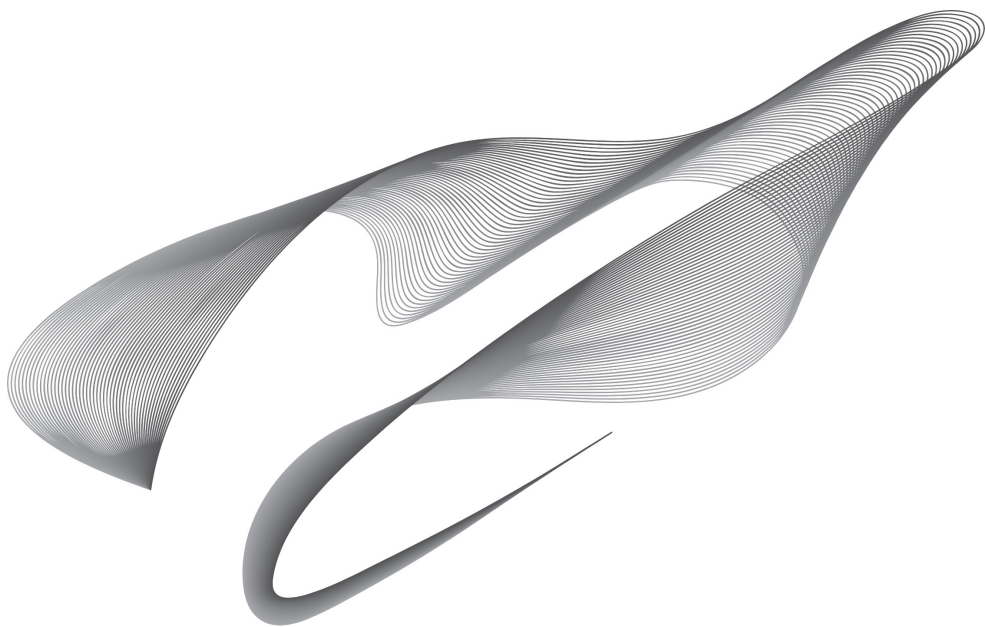
Natalie
Chan

Natalie Chan recently completed her BFA in Visual Arts at Simon Fraser University. Her practice often focuses on the relational aspects of people & places, as well as the inner turmoils & complexities of the human condition. In the creation of her works, she aims to highlight the ideas of reflection, healing, and reconciliation as tangible possibilities in each encounter. Her latest interests include learning how to tattoo, in understanding both the technical skills & intimate relation between artist and the livelihood of their canvas.



Opal
Mclean

Mclean is best described as the “selfish artist” meaning her practice entirely revolves around herself. Her work often relates back to a mental psyche that cannot be described by words alone. Instead, it can be described by an action. A reference to a state of being or a performance that lends to the way her brain functions. This manifestation and documentation of different processes becomes her tool to relate to the outside world. Her own existence comes into question in a way that so many experience in their own daily life. This experience becomes a social, cultural, and political connection to her projects. Her work becomes both alienating but connecting in a shared experience that translates through different media.



We put out new issues every month with a different topic.

We are always looking for submissions and opportunities to collaborate so check out our social medias.

on instagram:
@withintensions

or email us at:
within.tensions@gmail.com

If you want more information, feel free to contact us.

Our next issue will be on the topic of “Rest & Relaxation” and submissions will look a little different this month so stay tuned.

See you next month!

Acknowledgements

Withintensions would not have been possible without the works of Ghazal Abdolhosseini, Breanna Barrington, Francisco Berlanga, Andrea Borbély, Natalie Chan, Amy J. Dyck, K. Farrell, Hedley, Bethan Jones, Mariah Jordyn, Ken Kapp, M01E, Anda Marcu, Opal Mclean, K.W. Miller, Sujata Parashar, Emma Schuster, Eden Schwinghamer, Sabrina Mei-Li Smith, Ricardo Tesorini, Ava Tkaczuk, Joey Zaurrini, and Eden Zinchik

We would also like to thank Francisco Berlanga for his design and social media contributions, Natalie Chan for her assistance in coordinating and Opal Mclean for her editorial work.

We are excited to share our future works with you and we hope to provide more opportunities for artists alike.

